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Of Gods and Men



109 5 8

Chapter 1 by Jack Roper

Darin cheered. The Sadness that had plagued the land of Alea was finally over. Alea had won the war! No more poverty! No more pain! He continued cheering as Omar took up to the stage and declared himself ruler of the world. No one protested - he was the prophesied hero, the one who had banished the evil from the world and slain it with the sword of light. He who had taken on godhood to save the world. He could take all he needed. After all, he did save us...

...He remembered that day from 5 years ago. How foolish he was, how foolish they all were at that time. Omar had not been seen in public since the sky had dimmed, except for the executions of rivals. The world had lived in silence, farming, living, but only barely. Why was there no food if he beat hunger? If crime was banished why did bandits run free? Darin was no longer willing to sit down and die, to let his life come and go serving a hero gone bad. He was going to take down Omar. For the good of the world, he was going to kill a god.

Chapter 2 by ArammarA



But, obviously, killing a god would not be easy. It would actually, in fact, be impossible for Darin. Because the only thing that could kill a god...

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Darin would need to be...

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Chapter 2 by [garthbreath](#)

Darin began to walk what was left of the neglected highways. Walking the main roads was dangerous, as many gangs used these regularly. Darin prepared himself mentally, for if he was going to fight a god, he'd better learn to fight the scum of society. All he had was a survival knife, maybe six inches in length, that he's found off of a corpse a week back.

After hours of walking Darin watched the sun go down. *How peaceful*, he thought, *so free*. He sighed, full of wanting and discontent.

Finally, just as he was about to find a place to sleep, he spotted a flame from a torch, still half a mile in front of him. Darin immediately crouched by a deserted car and watched his prey. He listened intently; he could hear their laughter, but also the cries of a captive, although faint.

Darin pulled out his knife and ran his thumb along the edge. *Dull, I suppose I'll have to swing hard.* He felt a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, but not illness sick; it was the sickness he felt when he knew he was going against his beliefs. He hated the feeling, but loved it at the same time.

The group was only 100 feet ahead. He could smell the stench of human defilement, like the group had forgotten all civility. Darin stepped out from behind the car.

Chapter 4 by Jahmarez ANDREWS

Darin saw soldiers trying to rape a lady. Darin ran to the soldiers with the agility of a wolf. The soldiers saw and heard him running towards them they pulled their swords ready to fight. One of the soldiers swung his swords missing Darin head by a inch. Darin stabbed the soldier in his gut he twisted the knife then he pulled it out. The soldier cried in pain to his companion saying help me. The other soldier ran to help his companion. But before the soldier reached Darin. A arrow flew from nowhere hitting he soldier straight in the neck. Darin looks around quickly seeing nothing. Then he sees somebody step from behind a tree. Its was a girl tall and slender and light skinned her eyes were a shade of purple. She was wearing simple brown leggings, a white shirt, green knee high boots, and a silver glowing cloak. She had a elevn bow and dagger

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